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A

# NEW POEM

ON THE

## Excellency and Antiquity

OF

## LAW and LAWYERS,

AND

Dedicated to his *Mecenas* and most worthy *Patron* and *Professor* thereof,  
the Learned and Accomplished *William Peazly* of the Middle  
*A most silly poem.* Temple, London, Esq;

19. Sept. 1682

When the Wise God this Beaut'ous, World had laid,  
And, above all, Man in his Image made.  
He then to him very strictly gave a Law,  
To keep his Passions in good Plight and Awe.  
From which great Law, we other Laws do make,  
For Equity, and for Conscience sake.  
That Man to his Fellow-Creature may be just,  
When that at any time, he in him put's trust.  
Were't not for this, he would do as he please,  
Fulfil's humor, and in each thing take's ease.  
Like the *Tiger*, fall foul of all comes next,  
By Nature's, Preaching that should be the Text.  
But Law doth frown on every Rebel still,  
To fright Offenders from their doing ill.  
So it keeps the *World* in Majesty and Might,  
It's like the *Sun*, it's full of glorious Light.  
It renders to *Cæsar*, *Cæsar* his goods,  
It gives to Ladies, their Scarfs and their Hoods.  
And the Countrey-man his Cow and his Calf,  
Does all to Perfection, doth nothing by half.  
As the *Moon* drives the *Ocean* too and fro,  
So doth the Law govern Mortals here below.  
All that we have, we have from her bright Face,  
Whether we are in Rags, or in Gold Lace.  
But who shall discuss it? Some are appointed  
The Favorites of *Heaven*, and *Heaven's* Anointed.  
The Students of that in which they are brought up,  
To eat in *Loves* Dish, and drink in *Loves* Cup.  
Men of *Arts*, and of Education high,  
Commonly of Blood, and of Nobility.

It's pity that so brave a thing as Law,  
Should be follow'd by *Maggie*, or *Jack-Daw*.  
The Basely Born, or the Ignorant, I mean,  
A thing that should be still the Wits great Theam.  
But only such men as have power to do,  
Justice to themselves, and cure others of Wo.  
For a Lawyer is next to the Divine,  
As the Grape is appendant to the Vine.  
For when with a man his business has done,  
Out comes the Lawyer and beats on his Drum.  
The one for the Soul, the other for the Body,  
Both of which they should shew a good Copy.  
The first our Morals for to learn us great,  
Th' other to keep our Riches and Estate.  
Like Midwives necessary in a Land,  
One has a healing, th' other a noble Hand.  
And for to cure the wounds of all us Men,  
As Fathers do their dearest Children.  
Therefore to every Lawyer let's give way,  
For honour still will have it so, I say.  
And treat him here as we expect hereafter,  
To be treated beyond Lightning and Thunder.  
Where all just Men shall there arise and come,  
As day doth flow after a setting *Sun*.  
For doing to others as we would be done by,  
Is both the Law and *Prophets* great on high.  
For so says the Oracle and it inchants,  
The hearts both of the Mean, and Gallants.  
Therefore live Divine and Lawyer till you die,  
For all once must go to Eternity.